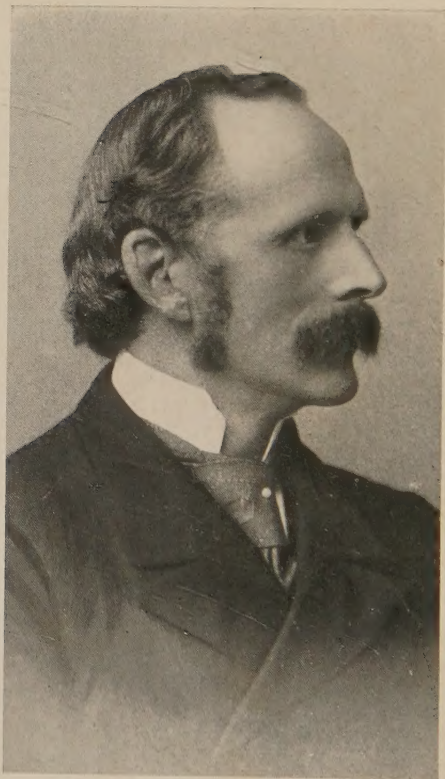


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Helena D. Hutchinson

Nov. 1st 1913.

HENRY DRUMMOND



Photo, Warneke, Glasgow].

Henry Drummond

RADIANT CHRISTIANITY

AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE
LIFE-STORY OF HENRY
DRUMMOND

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RADIANT CHRISTIANITY

I

INTRODUCTORY

IT has been said that Christianity is the only religion that is essentially musical. 'Epictetus,' says Mr. T. R. Glover,¹ 'announces a hymn to Zeus, but he never starts the tune. Over and over again there is a sound of singing in St. Paul, as in the eighth chapter of the Romans and the thirteenth of First Corinthians; and it repeats itself.'

The speciality of Professor Drummond's contribution to the religious life of his day is that he greatly

¹ *The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire*, p. 165.

helped to make the religion of Christ musical to the young. His name stands for a bright religious experience, and surely he was right in his interpretation. The prevailing note among the earliest Christians was gladness, joy, happiness, as of a great and precious discovery, both for the nation and the individual. This was irresistible and unquenchable, even by the fires of persecution. No matter where we turn to those earliest stories, it is one of rapturous delight at the joyous discovery of the gift of God in Christ. The shepherds at the first Christmas, the Magi at the Epiphany of the Babe, the aged Simeon at the Presentation in the Temple, the Eunuch, Cornelius, and the Gentiles at the 'Epiphany of the Gospel' (Acts xiii. 48) were all filled with gladness, and glorified God. And who will deny that this is the dominant note in the records of the New Testament? This joyful experience

often rapturous, always intense, if chastened, was more overwhelming even than the sense of sin, federal, national, or personal. This is extremely significant, and the fact needs to be reaffirmed in every presentation of the gospel to the young. Recognizing this as the true note of the gospel, Drummond, in a multitude of ways and with a marvellous felicity of expression and illustration, emphasized the truth, and won a victory all along the battle-line for a happy, rapturous, dynamic Christianity.

Now in spite of this fact—that Christianity is essentially the religion of gladness and gratitude—somehow or other the religion of Christ does not possess the charm and fascination of music and art to many of the younger generation, and the fault lies at least partly with its interpreters. Leschetitzky, the great Continental music-master, used to say

to his pupils: 'You play music as if it were written in black and white; but it is written in bright colours.' To Drummond's thinking, theology and the religious life have been written in black and white; his own picture of Christianity therefore was composed of bright, cheerful colours. As it will be shown, he did not claim that his teaching covered the whole area of Christian truth; the regions beneath where the historian, the philosopher, the critic, and the theologian explore, he left to others; but his message to the young was essential—Christ the true Source of joyful life and happy service. The motto of one of the Bishops of Lichfield was 'Serve God and be cheerful,' and this might almost serve as a summary of Drummond's teaching. The message was, and is, timely. It was the casual reading of the words 'The finished work of Christ' on a pamphlet in his father's warehouse

that arrested young Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission. He used this glorious truth as a spring-board and leaped forthwith 'into the deep,' exclaiming: 'What is there waiting for me to do? Simply to accept!' This was the dawn of a happy and devoted Christian life. Quite after the manner of Drummond, Hudson Taylor wrote in one of his letters recently published: 'Would it not be well if the people of God had always tell-tale faces, evincing the blessings and gladness of salvation so clearly that unconverted people might have to call conversion *becoming joyful* instead of *becoming serious*?' Drummond and Hudson Taylor did not, it is true, write treatises to explain how the finished work of Christ became possible, though, like all sensible Christians, they were grateful to those who have done so. They made 'the great acceptance' and lived lives in-

spired by the fruitful experience of fellowship with Christ.

We hope therefore that in adding this brief sketch of Prof. Drummond's life and message to the young, to those already existing, we may help to commend a bright, radiant Christianity which springs from an intimate and abiding union of hearts between Christ and His friends. 'The Programme of Christianity consists of a Great Surrender, a Great Obedience, and a Great Intimacy.'¹ And when the youth of our homes and Sunday-schools grasp this truth intelligently and heartily, we may expect a widespread fulfilment of the beautiful petition in our English Prayer-Book, that 'religion and piety may be established among us for all generations.'

¹ T. R. Glover, *The Nature and Purpose of the Christian Society*.

II

SOME GLIMPSES OF THE MAN

WHEN I visited Stirling some years ago, I was more interested in the cemetery than the Castle, or even the field of Bannockburn (which lies beneath the Castle walls). For under the grass of that cemetery rest the mortal remains of Henry Drummond, the friend, counsellor, and guide of multitudes of young men in the closing decades of the nineteenth century.

Henry Drummond does not hold as large a place in history as Robert Bruce, who won the battle of Bannockburn and immortalized Stirling and its Castle, but in that great day of reckoning it will be revealed to

countless multitudes that Drummond's service to his country in leading men to God, and sweetening the young life of the nation, is more imperishable even than that of Scotland's favourite hero.

The memory of Drummond deserves to be perpetuated. To think of that charming personality is like inhaling the breeze from a Scotch moor or ozone from the great Atlantic. It is no dishonour to the memory of mediaeval saints such as St. Bernard, or St. Francis to say that in the interests of true religion it is quite as valuable for the age in which we live, and for succeeding generations, to preserve the memory of Henry Drummond as to dwell on the character of these venerated saints. I can conceive of nothing more salutary to the moral life of the young than an enthusiastic admiration of his life and writings. We store up in our vases attar of roses which fills the house

with delightful fragrance. How many homes have been filled with the fragrance of a pure and beautiful spirit through the reading of Drummond's matchless writings !

Taking him altogether, Drummond was one of the most influential men of the latter part of the nineteenth century ; the waves of that influence have touched nearly every shore, and the vibration created by his fascinating personality and unique literary style is still powerfully and widely felt.

I venture to call him the patron saint of the Christian young men of the nineteenth century, because in their interests he spent his life. A greater lover of the young did not exist in his generation. His friends called him ' Prince,' but even they did not know how saintly he was until his death. St. Henry of Stirling ! that might be his title to posterity.

The influence he exerted over those who came within the sphere of his

16 *Some Glimpses of the Man*

acquaintance was almost unparalleled. A fellow student and life-long friend says : ' There are literally thousands of young men, ministers, doctors, teachers, lawyers, merchants, scattered over the world, who owe the chief spiritual stimulus of their lives to Drummond's students' meetings.'

Ian Maclaren, also a fellow student and friend, says all other men were commonplace by the side of Drummond, ' the most perfect Christian I have ever seen or expect to see.'

A young man, after one of Drummond's revival services, at which he had been converted, was asked what led to his decision. He said : ' It was the way Drummond put his hand on my shoulder, and looked into my eyes.' What a tribute to character and manner !

Another man said he positively could not help praying to Drummond after he had passed away. A patron saint indeed !

Henry Drummond deserves to be had in remembrance by both rich and poor because he has been a lasting blessing to both. He had the honour of speaking, probably, to more of the aristocrats and privileged classes on the subject of religion than any other man of his age. His booklets, those religious prose poems, have exerted a powerful influence among the rich men and women of England. Where sermons could not gain an entrance, and religious works generally are ignored or despised, these booklets have been read in their tens of thousands, with a beneficent result which cannot well be exaggerated, for they have created some of those silent undercurrents which have materially altered our standards of Christian ethics. He also loved the poor with all his great soul. It was his conviction that in all our work among the poor, we should give them our best. He once said : 'My conviction, indeed,

grows stronger every day, that the masses require and deserve the very best work we have. The crime of Evangelism is laziness: and the failure of the average mission-church to reach intelligent working men arises from the intolerant reiteration of threadbare formulae by teachers, often competent enough, who have not first learned to respect their hearers.'

It is significant that the addresses which form his first epoch-making book, *Natural Law*, were delivered to Scotch working men.

Let us thank God for evangelists like Drummond, who, while stooping to help the man who is down, do not become vulgar, or wanting in respect for those deep ineradicable instincts of the human heart which can appreciate things lovely and refined, and which are by no means the monopoly of the rich and educated classes.

Yes, he loved the poor (though he had no actual experience of their

poverty) and greatly influenced them, for he had cultivated, as few Christian men have, that faculty of putting oneself into the place of some one else by the use of thought and imagination. He was always on the alert to exercise sympathy; his kindness was practical and *thoughtful*. He had at one time designed a special basket for message-boys, to lighten the burden of the little fellows struggling under ill-adjusted loads. He was at the same time a professor of science, a literary star, and a friend of Mr. Gladstone and the Earl of Aberdeen.

A woman sought out Drummond late one Saturday evening and asked him to come to the house. She said: 'My husband is deein', sir: he's no able to speak to you, and he's no able to hear you, but I would like him to hae a breath o' you aboot him afore he dies.'

III

THE LIFE-STORY

HENRY DRUMMOND was a thorough Scotchman and therefore not ashamed of his nationality. As will be seen in the sequel, Drummond was never more at home than when among his own kith and kin. He was emphatically an exception to the rule that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country. If it were logical to gather one's definition of a Scotchman from the character of Drummond, we should say: 'A Scotchman is the most generous, unselfish man to be found on this planet.'

As to the supposed inability of the typical Scotchman to see a joke, few men have been more endowed with

the faculty of seeing, enjoying, and perpetrating a joke than Drummond. He was a past-master in everything that fills the mind and heart with pure and innocent merriment. It was said of another light-hearted Christian, Felix Mendelssohn, that he would wring his hands and almost 'double-up' with hearty laughter, and his only spirits were 'music and good spirits.' Between Mendelssohn and Drummond there was a close affinity in this and many other respects; their 'heart was filled with laughter.'

Henry Drummond was born at Stirling in the year of the Great Exhibition, 1851. He was related to the well-known publisher, Peter Drummond of Stirling, whose establishment still pours forth its goodly stream of religious literature. His father was a seed merchant, and Henry's brothers continued the business.

Ian Maclaren, in the admirable sketch which prefaces Drummond's posthumous work, *The Ideal Life*, gives an incident revealing that generous spirit which was prophetic of his future noble qualities: 'It was a summer evening, and a cricket match was in a very exciting stage. Drummond was doing well at the wickets, but just as it looked like pulling off the match, he was run out by his fellow batsman. There were murmurs against the unfortunate cause of the disaster, but Drummond cried out, "It's all right, and you fellows are not to cry shame! Buchanan is playing A1, and that hit ought to have been a 4: I messed the running." The author of *The Bonnie Brier Bush* did not at this time know his future friend, but the little incident made a deep impression on his mind.'

In 1866 Drummond went up to the University of Edinburgh, where he came under the influence of the great

Scotch geologist, Geikie. That influence determined the bent of his study ; he became a geologist. From the University he entered the new Free Church College at Edinburgh. He does not seem to have resolved at the time to enter the ministry, but he was a decided Christian. When a friend asked him whether he had passed through a sudden conversion, he replied : ‘ No, I cannot say I did ; but I have seen too many to doubt their reality.’

There was a galaxy of promising youths in the College at that time, who have fulfilled right well their early promise. The names of Prof. Elmslie, Dr. John Watson, G. Adam Smith, and James Stalker, are honoured by all. Drummond was not a conventional student, and did not excel in the Arts course, but Dr. Stalker says he well remembers seeing him leave the College in a cab filled with prizes for science.

He studied, during the Scotch recess, in Germany, where his charm of character so wrought upon one of the professors with whom he boarded that when they met some years afterwards in Princes Street, Edinburgh, the old gentleman rushed at him, and kissed him on both cheeks !

The next point of interest in Drummond's life is his great mission campaigns, when he was twenty-two years of age. I simply note the fact here in chronological order, reserving a fuller consideration of this glorious crusade until we come to consider his *life-work*.

In 1877, at the age of twenty-six, he became a science lecturer at the Free Church College, Glasgow, where, it has been said, he united three things which strike a superficial observer as being somewhat incompatible—prayer, science, and *mesmerism* ! The combination was quite in harmony with the extraordinary un-

conventionality and versatility of the man. It is needless to say that he was a popular lecturer. When the lecture was concluded, he would give an interesting exhibition of mesmerism at the expense of some unlucky victim. Striking effects followed his exercise of this ghostly faculty. One student was so completely under his influence that if he met Drummond in the street he would at once offer him his watch !

His lectureship after a time developed into a professorship : hence, though he was first and foremost an evangelist to young men, and actually had the superintendence of a mission in connexion with Dr. Marcus Dods's church, in Glasgow, where he regularly preached, he is best known as *Professor Drummond*.¹

¹ When Dr. Dods first invited Drummond to have a walk with him, the young fellow felt this so great an honour that he bought a new hat for the occasion !

Many times he was on the point of becoming an ordained minister, but shrank from taking the final step ; he never became more than an elder, and remained to the last an ecclesiastical free-lance. His relation to the religious world was analogous to that of another famous Scotchman in the political world whose position has been cleverly described (by Lord Morley) as 'a dark horse in a loose-box.'

Drummond first impressed his fellow students by a paper which he read to them on 'Spiritual Diagnosis.' Dr. Stalker, who had not been specially struck with his ability until that occasion, says that this address astonished him, and made him expect great things from him, and not feel surprised at anything. The idea of the paper was that in the education of young ministers, there should be some practical study of men corresponding to the clinical (i.e. bedside)

work of a medical student. He insisted that a minister could do more good by *button-holing* the individual than by preaching sermons. The theory has certainly the merit of originality. We are reminded of another novel suggestion by an Englishman that every minister should have some experience of the police force !

Drummond was a great traveller. His first tour was in America, to the Rocky Mountains, with Professor Archibald Geikie, in 1879 (aet. 28). It was a geological campaign, but he managed, nevertheless, to do a little spiritual work. He tells a touching story of suddenly being called upon far up among the gold-diggings in Colorado to officiate at a digger's funeral. They could not find a minister in all the country round, so Drummond, who was arrayed in tweeds, donned a white tie, and went to the interment. He had a tremendous crowd of the class called non-

worshippers, and he improved the occasion. He says : ' When the service was over, they all filed past the open coffin, and took a last look at the dead. At last all were gone but one, a genuine rough specimen, who looked all round to see if he were alone, then bowed his face in his hands and wept like a child ; he was the dead man's mate ! '

Sir Archibald Geikie, says Drummond, ' looked on everything with the eye of a poet first, and of a man of science afterwards.' The geologist formed a high opinion of the evangelist. ' I learned to appreciate more than ever the beauty of his character. His singularly placid and equable temperament was like a kind of perpetual sunshine. Nothing seemed ever to discompose him, or ever overshadow that winning smile that used to fascinate the wild men among whom we were thrown.'

His next tour was into Central

Africa, following in the wake of Livingstone, and on much the same mission : he went to make a scientific examination of the countries extending to Lake Tanganyika under the auspices of the African Lakes Corporation—a company of gentlemen whose object was to develop trade in the interests of the poor Africans themselves and to keep out rum ; all the earnings of the company have been reinvested in Africa itself. The literary outcome of the journey is his well-known and charming *Tropical Africa*.

While he was in the wilds of Darkest Africa he literally awoke one night to find himself famous. He had become the most-talked-of man in the religious world of the day. This was due to his first literary effort, *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, of which he had just lodged the MS. with Hodder & Stoughton before he went abroad. Like many other well-

known authors he was doomed to much disappointment at first. Five of the addresses which form the volume were issued separately in response to the editor of a journal called *The Clerical World*. Strange to say, after Drummond, who belonged to a theological club of personal friends, had decided to abandon the papers, owing to the universal condemnation of his principles by the club, an orphanage in England asked to be permitted to republish the tract which formed the first of the series, viz. 'Degeneration—If we neglect.' This request, along with numerous letters assuring him of good done by the original publication of the five papers, constrained him to print the whole series. Then began the struggle with the publishers, who with one consent declined his MS. with thanks! His own words are the best: 'Time had gone by (the doomed sheets were in the pigeon-holes), when, one day,

passing through London on returning home from a Continental tour, I happened along Paternoster Row. I encountered Mr. M. H. Hodder. In the course of conversation he made a sudden reference to my ill-starred papers. My guilty secret, alas! was known. By the treachery of the other publishers, I was already the laughing-stock of the Row. But I was wrong. This most guileless and indulgent of publishers knew nothing. From this interview I learned one lesson—that the search for a publisher is a mistake. The right way is to let the publisher search for the author! . . . A few days after the publication of *Natural Law*, and before it had reached the booksellers' shelves, I was steaming down the Red Sea *en route* for the heart of Africa.'

This is the next thing he heard about his book. It was about twelve miles north of Karonga's,¹

¹ A thousand miles from a post office.

where he was living a very unconventional life. He informed one of his friends that his dress consisted of a helmet and three mosquitoes. 'After I had gone to roost, sometime about midnight, I was aroused by talking in Munro's tent. Could it be the arrival of natives with the mails from the coasts? "*Mails!*" came in response to my shout, and in a few moments a boy came in with a huge packet of letters and papers. My lamp was lit in a twinkling, and I was for the next three hours devouring the first news I had had from home for five months. Letters from all the family twice over, as the bag contained two months' dispatches. *Spectator* (magazine) with critique enclosed—which much surprised me. I had almost forgotten about the book. Sleep was hard after so much interesting news, and it was early morning before I dropped over.'

Drummond's friends say that he

was somewhat altered after his African tour. There was a patch of grey in his hair, and henceforth a slight grey-ness in his spirit. He said himself that he had been in an atmosphere of death all the time. He saw so much of suffering among the missionaries' families—so much to sadden the heart and depress the spirits—that his mind changed on certain aspects of life and religion. Probably his remarkable article on 'The Problem of Foreign Missions'—the leading idea of which is Adaptation (cultured men and bushmen)—was inspired by his African experiences.

Like many who never actually met him, I seem to have known Drummond familiarly ever since I was caught in the spell of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. It swept me, as a budding theologian and preacher, off my feet. Never in the history of the century (with the possible exception of *Ecce Homo*)

did a theological book create such a sensation. Every young minister and local preacher made a sermon forthwith on the text, 'He that hath the Son hath life: he that hath not the Son hath not life,' and for the time every sermon was punctuated with scientific terms, such as 'biogenesis,' 'classification,' 'organic and inorganic,' 'degeneration,' 'semi-parasitism' and 'parasitism.' Evangelists even blossomed out suddenly into exponents of conversion, sanctification, and other evangelical doctrines in terms of science, and I am not sure that Latin was not quoted at revival services—*omne vivum ex vivo*! For my own part, I vividly remember rushing from my student cell and inwardly if not vocally crying: 'Eureka—I have found!' It was Friday evening, and next day I was going into the country with my student's bag to preach. There was only one text for that day at least:

biogenesis, omne vivum ex vivo, and so on. I went into the open air to cool my brain, and was walking rapidly round the grounds, when I was accosted by a canny philosophic Scotchman, an M.A. in the school of logic. He was a fellow student, but a much older man—a ‘father in Israel’ among us. Seeing my excitement, he inquired the cause. Thereupon I poured out of my confused and bewildered brain a volley of learned words—biogenesis, degeneration, classification, mortification, environment, conformity to type, and the like! My faithful friend turned his searching eye upon me, and coolly remarked: ‘I would not preach that sermon Sabbath next: you need to think it out more carefully. Beware of too hasty conclusions: take time!’

These cruel words acted upon me like the pricking of the penny toy-balloon. How I hated the man who had done to death my darling sermon-

babe! The spell was broken: I learned then to beware of committing hasty generalizations, to distinguish between interesting resemblances and identity, between analogy and law. Yet if I cannot consult the book now as a theological *vade mecum*, I still regard it as one of the most stimulating books I have ever read. Our deepest gratitude is due to the men who have set us thinking: Drummond has done that for thousands of young men and women, not only in the British Isles, but on the Continent, in North and South America, the New Hebrides, and as far as Japan. He was greatly tempted to devote himself to the evangelization of Japan, which, he said, was without a religion, but prospecting for one, on account of the enthusiastic welcome he received from the educated natives of that country. It is said they do not want missionaries there, but I think they would have accepted

Drummond. Mr. Moody said, at a time when many evangelicals had drawn away from Drummond: 'I have read every line of his books, and have never read a word with which I disagreed.' Though I cannot, on calm review, make such a bold statement, my advice to every young man and woman is: Read every book, little and big, scientific and evangelical, which Drummond has written. Though they may not create a consecutive theology for you, or turn you out a fully equipped scientist, they will make you think for yourself. They are so startling, brilliant, epigrammatic; there is not a dull line throughout, and they are saturated with a magnetic influence which will quicken your pulse, produce heart-throbs, and make you restless to reproduce the spirit, and tone, and temper of the book in your own life. I believe there are no books in the language more calculated

to fill one with an overmastering passion to be something and to do something for Christ. One valuable outcome, among others, will be the growing sense of self-respect which is almost sure to attend upon a study of Drummond. It is safe to say that thousands are in our churches to-day as the result of the bright, encouraging teaching of Henry Drummond, all of whom were probably arrested first of all by his literary charm.

His other tours were religious, taken in the interest of young men. Those in America were in connexion with Moody's work at Northfield and the Convention at Chautauqua. His Australian tour was under the auspices of the Christian Volunteer Movement.

Drummond was delighted with the missionary work of the New Hebrides. He once said that what he saw of the life of the missionaries there helped him to understand the Incar-

nation. He was greatly touched by the natives (in an island only ten years before quite cannibal) coming and laying down their bows and poisoned arrows, saying 'We do not need them now; the missionary has taught us not to kill.' He writes: 'I was on Dr. Paton's Tanna, and saw all his painted cannibals. But for the missionary with me, I should now be—inside them! No grander missionary work was ever done than by these New Hebrides missionaries. Every man is a king!'

His last visit abroad was to the United States, where he delivered the Lowell Institute Lectures in 1893 on 'The Ascent of Man'—called by Drummond's critics, 'the descent of Drummond'! He went once more to Northfield and delivered three addresses: 'A Life for a Life,' 'Lessons from the Angelus,' and 'The Ideal Man.'

He was now fiercely attacked for

supposed heterodoxy. One English reporter was told not to give a line of Drummond; another apologized to him for not reporting him because it would compromise Moody, his paper, and Northfield. A deputation of the usual adherents of the Northfield Conference waited upon Moody, urging him not to allow Drummond to speak. Mr. Moody asked for a day to think over the matter, and when the deputation returned, informed them that he had laid the matter before the Lord, and the Lord had shown him that Drummond was a better man than himself or any of them, so he was to go on! That Drummond felt these attacks keenly is unquestionable, and he once spoke of his opponents as 'assassins of character.' Any one who cares to read a powerful reply to the criticisms on Drummond should read Ian Mac-laren's biographical sketch appended to *The Ideal Life*—one of the best

fighting paragraphs I have ever seen.

Drummond's biographer, George Adam Smith, a sufferer from the same quarter, says: 'On that line (of judgements upon brethren) the morality of the religious among us has not a little to make up.'

When he was feeling these attacks most keenly, he wrote to his friend Sankey: 'Let me thank you most heartily for your kindness in writing. The way to spoil souls, to make them hard and bitter and revengeful, is to treat them as many treat me. If I have escaped this terrible fate, it is because there are others like yourself who think no evil. But tell your friends that they know not what they do, or what solemn interest they imperil when they judge.' He writes, after his last visit to Northfield: 'At Northfield I felt a good deal out of it, and many fell upon and rent me. Before the close of the Con-

ference I struck an orthodox vein and retrieved myself a little. But it was not a happy time.'

After the publication of *The Ascent of Man*, Drummond was largely lost sight of by the public, and we began to wonder what was the matter—whether he had lost his religious zeal; or whether criticism had taken the heart out of him, and made him averse from public life; or whether he was preparing for some still loftier literary flight. The fact is, he was smitten with a mysterious but fatal malady. 'The first touches of the disease which ultimately killed him were felt by Drummond in the spring of 1894, on the back of a winter of hard work.' As the disease laid hold of him he still clung tenaciously to work, and it was a great pain to have to give up his lectures in the spring of 1895. His work at college was done. Farewell to enthusiastic students and devoted friends! He had

lived intensely ; now he was to learn how to die, and he had plenty of time to learn the lesson. His biographer says : ' Looking back upon the two years of weakness that ensued, we can clearly see that, as it had been given to him to prove how fame, prosperity, and wealth of brilliant gifts may be borne with unselfishness, so now he was strengthened to show us how to suffer pain uncomplainingly, endure long illness, thinking more of others than of himself, and at last face death, not only without fear, but without even a strained or hectic consciousness of his fate.'

It was a painful and malignant growth of the bones from which Drummond was suffering ; but he retained his cheerfulness to the last though he gradually became a hopeless and helpless wreck. He finally settled at Tunbridge Wells, where he was constantly surrounded by loving friends. He seems to have enter-

tained hopes of recovery to the end, and often spoke of the 'stupidity of being ill.' 'Ah, you can't think how horrid I feel : I have been giving all my life, and now it seems to me positively indecent to be only getting. Well, perhaps there's a lesson in that, too.'

The end came peacefully. On the Sunday afternoon before he died, one of his best friends, Dr. Hugh Barbour, played to him the music of the hymn, 'Art thou weary, art thou languid?' and other hymn-tunes, with no response from the sufferer. At length the player tried 'Martyrdom' to the well-known paraphrase :

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord
Or to defend His cause ;
Maintain the glory of His cross,
And honour all His laws.

Drummond joined in the music, and exclaimed : 'There's nothing to beat that, Hugh !' During the clos-

ing days he talked, half dreaming, of St. John's Gospel, the gospel of love and fellowship—his favourite theme. Ever mindful of his mother, he murmured a message to her, became unconscious, and passed away at eleven o'clock on March 7, 1897. His friend and physician wired the final message: 'Henry has crossed the bar.'

Drummond's death helps one to believe in immortality, and in the hovering presence of our departed friends, as ministering angels sent to minister to those who are heirs of salvation. We cannot think of his death, but of his 'passing,' like Tennyson's ideal knight, King Arthur.

And so a double immortality rewards this saint of modern days. He has gone to join in the song which the angels sing who serve Him day and night in His temple—'the city without a church'; and he lives again in lives made better by

his presence. 'Farewell, thou most rare one: thy Master's welcome waits thee; well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord.'

IV

HIS WORK AND HIS INFLUENCE

FEW men have lived a more timely life than Henry Drummond. It is a remarkable fact that God has raised up in every age a defender of the faith exactly suited to the generation in which he lived. Take the Christian centuries one by one, and it will be found that one man at least has never been wanting as an *apologist* of Christianity *for his own age*. There has been a great variety of men, each suited to his own day and not to any other ; but the imperial standard of Jesus Christ has never been lowered and trampled under foot. There is a great difference in disposi-

tion and methods and in importance, of course, between Luther, Knox, Wesley, and Henry Drummond ; but they had this at least in common, they held forth the vital doctrines of the Christian religion, each in his own generation, and in the way the generation needed it.

The last decades of the nineteenth century needed a religious scientist. It was fast coming to be thought that the scientific man was *per se* an atheist or an agnostic—that religion and science are mutually exclusive. True, Michael Faraday was a great chemist and a humble Christian ; but he had passed away, and was succeeded by Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall.

We do not wish to claim too much for Drummond. There were far abler scientists in his day than he ; and whole fields of religious thought into which philosophy enters were untrodden ground to Drummond.

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Even his warmest admirers admit that he had not a gift for metaphysics and philosophy. But, as a great writer has said, 'his career began when it seemed that physical science was congealing into an intolerable universal despotism of material forces. He saw that the age was essentially scientific. He discerned that the materialists were swiftly poisoning the nation, and that they were following Comte in erecting materialism into a religious system. He threw himself with all his strength into the work of effecting a reconciliation between science and religion.'

How did he proceed? He protested that science and religion are not opposed, but even have the same laws: not only in their operations is there at various points strong resemblance, but actually *identity of law*. A turn in the tide has come. Many of our great scientists now believe in a spiritual world, and Lord Kelvin pro-

tested that the belief in God is scientific. Sir Oliver Lodge has more recently said : ' The sphere of religion and of completer science will be found to be one.'

When once Drummond caught the idea of identity, it became a new religion and a master passion. Science still says (in spite of Prof. Schäfer's British Association address, 1912) *life only from life* (*omne vivum ex vivo*), not spontaneous generation. So religion says, with Christ : ' *I am come that ye might have life.*' ' He that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.'

So far so good ; but then he proceeds to show that until the touch of divine life is given, until the inorganic is taken up into the organic, it is dead. Drummond's illustration of the two kinds of dust in a museum, apparently so alike, yet different *toto coelo*, has become famous. The logical conclusion from all his premisses is that a

man in a pre-converted state is inorganic, that he has nothing to do with his own salvation, because he is powerless as the inorganic dust: it is a state of complete unsusceptibility to spiritual influences and absolute passivity. The divine takes into itself the inert mass according to the divine choice and election, and you have full-blown Calvinism! It is said that even when he wrote the book, Drummond did not intend to go so far: certainly he receded from such hyper-Calvinism as years went by; but this is the logical outcome of the chapters which, at the time, he considered the most important, viz. Biogenesis, which teaches the absolute separation of the spiritual life from the highest ethical; and Classification, which teaches the sudden unexpected descent of the spiritual life into a man's soul.

To criticize *Natural Law* is now unnecessary. Its vogue is gone.

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The fashion now is to go to the other extreme, and neglect the really valuable teaching of the book. The chapters on Degeneration, Growth, Semi-Parasitism and Parasitism, which deal with the science of the development of the spiritual life, are of permanent value ; and even the chapters on Biogenesis and Classification, which were the target for the critic, are valuable as insisting on the reality and worth of the Christian life, and on the reality and necessity of spiritual conversion. But the weakness of the argument from science is that the author so exalted the divine part in the spiritual life as to leave no room for what is called 'prevenient grace' and the human will ; and though it is quite true that the ethical life cannot develop into the spiritual, it has its own great value, forming as it does the good ground which may receive the seed and bring forth a hundredfold.

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As to the title, *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, we believe in it—but not according to Henry Drummond! God's laws must always be reasonable, and in that respect like the laws of visible nature. Identity of operation in the two spheres of nature and soul is another matter. To every man is given some measure of prevenient grace, which manifests itself in yearning after the good and divine. Since God breathed into Adam (the father of the human race) the breath of life and he became a living soul, the solidarity of mankind leads us to believe not only in the heritage of sin, but also of grace.

Drummond always spoke as a religious scientist: all his booklets teem with science applied to religion, but his only other large book was *The Ascent of Man*, in which he tries to prove that evolution is not atheistic, that a wider view of it leads to the

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belief, not only that nature includes a struggle for life and a survival of the fittest, but also a *struggle for the life of others*: i.e. there is in nature not only selfishness but altruism; we have not only nutrition—self-feeding, living for self—but reproduction, feeding and living for others. He believes in evolution thoroughly—even of mind and spirit; but he insists that evolution does not imply that the spiritual is only a correlation of physical forces—that the spiritual has been evolving *alongside* the physical, but as something different from it. Hence Drummond bids us see God in nature, since God is love, sympathy, self-sacrifice—and nature expresses these. We are not therefore to see nature ‘red in tooth and claw,’ but as the garment in which God enfolds His love and power. ‘Evolution is *ad*volution: better, it is revelation—the phenomenal expression of the divine, the progressive reali-

zation of the ideal, the ascent of love.'

The *second* need of the age which Drummond in a remarkable way supplied was the call for an evangelical and evangelistic scientist. Now an evangelical Christian is one who not only believes in God, as the Deists and Theists do, but in Jesus Christ, according to His own claim: 'Ye believe in God, believe also in Me.'

He believes in Christ not only as the great Teacher come from God, not only as the Divine *Revealer*, but as the Divine *Healer*, as the Son of God, as the Saviour of the world.

This sheet-anchor of the Christian faith was Drummond's also. When he was accused of heresy, his friend Sankey wrote to ask him whether a certain paragraph taken from the booklet *The Programme of Christianity* still contained his belief. The paragraph is as follows: 'The power to set the heart right, to renew the

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springs of action, comes from Christ. The sense of the infinite worth of the single soul and the recoverableness of a man at his worst are the gifts of Christ. The freedom from guilt, the forgiveness of sins, come from Christ's cross ; the hope of immortality springs from Christ's grave. Personal conversion means for life a personal religion, a personal trust in God, a personal debt to Christ, a personal dedication to His cause. These, brought about how you will, are supreme things to aim at, supreme losses if they are missed.' The reply was : ' These are my words, and there has never been an hour when the thoughts which they represent were not among my deepest convictions. . . . If you ask me why I do not write whole books on these themes, I reply that I believe one's only excuse for writing a book is that he has something to say which is not being said.'

Drummond was, therefore, an evan-

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gelical Christian ; and if an *evangelistic* Christian is one who enthusiastically teaches these fundamental truths, Drummond was one of the most inspired and inspiring evangelistic preachers of his day.

The burden of his message was : Make Christ your constant companion—salvation by friendship with Christ—love, the inspiration of life—Christ the abundant life—a fully evolved life only possible through fellowship with Christ. If it was a one-sided theology it was at least a good side ; and though it was not an aspect of religion which had been hitherto ignored, the way in which it was presented by Drummond made it appear as a new discovery : it satisfied the doubter and gave hope to the man who was down. He believed in Christ, not only historically and ethically, but *dynamically* as the Bestower and Creator of the highest type of man. He eloquently expounded the way of salvation, con-

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version, regeneration, and sanctification, casting them into a mode of expression quite his own.

In this respect, also, his was a timely life, for it was commonly assumed that an evolutionist must be at variance with the currently accepted creeds. He might tolerate them, endure them with a touch of condescension, if not of sarcasm, but hardly be moved by them as living convictions. He might go to church as the fashion is, and swallow the creed as a pill 'all silvered o'er,' and washed down, so to speak, with an aesthetic ritual and alluring music. But imagine a scientist, a man of perfect culture and refinement, leading sinners to Christ in an inquiry-room at a Revival Mission! It was too absurd! Yet Drummond's name will live chiefly as an evangelist.

True, he was an evangelist on a broad principle, and almost shocked the conventional Christian by pro-

testing that a young man's religion could not be the same as his grandmother's! [To which one of his literary friends has replied: 'Perhaps not, unless he had such a grandmother as *Δωίς*.'] But it made young men hear him gladly. If Drummond, in seeking to make religion attractive to the young man and woman of the period, made too great concessions to worldliness in its most inoffensive dress, if there was an excess of sweetness and light, and too little depth, if his message was a new blend between science and religion, and his instrument one of a few strings playing light music—waltzes, rondos, and gavottes—there is no doubt that his music had a tonic effect upon classes of the young which no one else was reaching. He contended that the dynamic of life is not fear, but love.

He engaged in several kinds of evangelistic work, first and foremost

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in 1874 with Moody and Sankey. He became famous even among the famous before he had completed his college course. His chief part in the great campaign was commander-in-chief of the buttonhole brigade!

How he came to throw himself into the work is very simple. 'Two New College men who attended one of the early gatherings in Edinburgh, and had stayed behind to see the novel inquiry-meetings, then exciting much jealousy, were asked by Mr. Moody to assist, and refused. When they returned to their lodgings, they felt some shame at their inability to speak of their Lord to anxious men who were seeking Him, and after prayer together they resolved to offer themselves for this work.' One of the two was Drummond.

He gave up studying for his D.Sc. to engage in this great mission, and, before he was twenty-five, had become the father-confessor to hundreds of

young fellows. What an object-lesson for our intellectual young men to-day! The work was exacting indeed, and his pure spirit was often shocked. He said once that he had been among such filth that he felt he must take his coat off when he returned to his lodgings!

The sympathy between himself and these two great soul-winners was remarkable. Moody said he had never seen a statement of Drummond that he disagreed with: Drummond said Moody was the biggest human he had ever seen. When he was in America, he gave up the chance of meeting Longfellow and Oliver Wendell Holmes, in order to make a 'pop' visit to his old friends, Moody and Sankey.

At the age of twenty-three, Drummond's name was in all the churches. He returned to college, and had to run the gauntlet of curiosity from his fellow students. But he stood the

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trial grandly: popularity had not robbed him of that humility which shone out so beautifully in his character.

We can only mention his mission work at Glasgow among the working classes, where he gave them his best; and in the penny gaff theatre in Edinburgh, where many of the lowest people were led to Christ.

Drummond had the unique privilege in 1884-5 of giving a series of addresses to a select audience of men of light and leading, in Grosvenor House, London, W. This desire to hear Drummond was the result of the reading of *Natural Law*, which the 'Upper Ten' were devouring with as much avidity as an earlier generation had read *In Memoriam*. Among the audience were Mr. Balfour, Lord Curzon (late Viceroy of India), Mr. Brodrick, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, Dean Welldon, and Lord Aberdeen. It was an effort parallel

to that of cleansing the student life at the University. This is the origin of the booklets of which over half a million copies have been sold in England alone. The prayer which closed the series illustrates the simplicity and beauty of the whole :

‘ Lord Jesus, we have been talking to one another about Thee, and now we talk to Thee face to face. Thou art not far from any one of us. Thou art nearer than we are to one another, and Thou art saying to us, “Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.” So we come just as we are. We pray Thee to remember us in Thy mercy and love. Take not Thy Spirit away from us, but enable us more and more to enter into the fellowship with Thyself. Bless all here who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. Help those who love Thee not, and who miss Thee every day they live, here and now to begin their attachment and devotion to Thy person and service, for Thy name’s sake, *Amen.*’

We cannot tabulate the results of

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such an effort, but this unique mission could not fail to impress the aristocracy ; indeed, events have proved the value of the mission.

Ian Maclaren counts as Drummond's greatest achievement the cleansing of student life at Edinburgh. He was for nine years the unofficial preacher to the University, and the students' prayer-meeting rose from an attendance of 12 to 600 !

The weekly meetings at the Odd-fellows' Hall in Edinburgh for students are among the happiest memories of hundreds of professional men scattered throughout the world, who date their conversion to the gracious influences of these meetings. The day was not a *red*- but a *yellow*-letter day, because the services were announced on a yellow poster on the college gates. Students had to show their matriculation-tickets for admittance.

The service was very simple and informal ; they sang such simple

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hymns as 'Rock of Ages' and 'Just as I am,' and Drummond gave an address. The professors often attended, and, on occasion, even the Principal of the University. One of the effects of this work was the splendid reinforcement of missionary effort in every part of the mission-field. It is still carried on under the auspices of the Christian Volunteer Movement. No doubt the Students' Union which exists in many Universities to-day is another result. Another effect is the large number of Christian men to be found in the ranks of the medical profession.

The *third* great need of the age was that religious truth should be presented in a fresh, vigorous, fascinating way, so that it might find an open door to those who were impervious to ordinary means.

What shall we say, then, of Drummond as a writer and speaker? Dr. Stalker says: 'He was in some re-

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spects the best speaker I have ever heard.' He was also one of the most effective writers of the English language of the last century. To speak of his religious books as being as interesting as a novel (to quote the usual criterion) is to pay the novel a high compliment indeed. His style is marvellously arresting, brilliant, epigrammatic, chaste, and so entirely his own that he could not write a series of articles anonymously, for he was detected at once; he could *not* conceal his identity. This remarkable power of expression was doubtless a special gift, but he cultivated it assiduously, and he often spent half an hour in making choice of the right adjective! It is related of Tennyson that one of his admirers once quoted to him a line from one of his poems which, he said, appeared so spontaneous that it must have been given off in a moment under a flash of inspiration. 'Not at all,' replied the poet; 'that

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line took twelve pipes of tobacco to make !'

The religious world is under the greatest obligation to Drummond for getting books on religion into homes where probably sermons are seldom either heard or read. How familiar in the drawing-room are those booklets bound in white and gold ! They have sweetened thousands of homes throughout the world, and soothed the pillow of many sick and dying.

Ralph Connor, author of *The Sky Pilot*, minister to the miners in the backwoods and foothills of the Far West, says : ' I made it a practice to carry a copy of *The Greatest Thing in the World* with me on my visiting tours, and to lend it to miners and railwaymen as opportunity offered. I remember a miner's verdict on the little book : " Say, if that's religion, you can't get me on to it too quick." (He 'got on' before long, poor chap,

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and it stood him in good stead in his last fight.)' To them he was the man who showed them (in camp phrase) 'religion with some good to some-thin' besides preachin' and singin' yourself, and sendin' everybody else to blazes.'

In the recently published *Life of G. F. Watts* there is a high tribute to the influence of *The Greatest Thing in the World* upon the great artist. Mrs. Watts says: 'The first evening that we were alone I read it to him, and to every line he gave his adhesion, in the end saying, "That contains the whole of religion. Do not let us read anything else to-night."'

A whole sheaf of quotations might be given from Drummond's books. Were there ever more beautiful illustrations? Was there ever any one who could use them more appropriately, or tell a story more effectively? Who can ever forget, for instance, his illustration of the fish without eyes in

the Kentucky caves, or the *reversion to type* in his chapter on Degeneration, or his three stories to illustrate the three kinds of temptation in *Baxter's Second Innings*?

Every subject he handled sparkles with flashes of originality and brilliance. Here is a paragraph on the subject of the *sin of ill-temper*: 'There are two kinds of sin: of the body and of the disposition. We drive men from Christ's door many a time by our sorry entertainment. The Church is not spiritualized enough yet to entertain the world. We have no spiritual courtesies. We cultivate our faith and proclaim our hope, but forget that a greater than these is charity. Till men can say of us, "They suffer long and are kind, they are not easily provoked, do not behave themselves unseemly, bear all things, think no evil," we have no chance against the world. One repulsive Christian will drive away a

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score of prodigals. God's love for poor sinners is very wonderful, but God's patience with ill-natured saints is a deeper mystery.'

His prescription for misery has become a proverb: 'Be a half-hearted Christian.'

His very titles are the concentrated essence of a sermon, and are warranted to haunt you :

'The Greatest Thing in the World.'

'The Changed Life.'

'The Programme of Christianity.'

'The City without a Church.'

'Pax Vobiscum.'

'Stones rolled away.'

'The Man who is down.'

'Life on the Top Floor.'

'The Kingdom of God and Your Part in It.'

One of Drummond's most intimate friends says that the heart of his teaching is summed up in this beautiful little story (*Changed Life*): 'There lived once a young girl whose perfect

grace of character was the wonder of those who knew her. She wore on her neck a gold locket which no one was ever allowed to open. One day, in a moment of unusual confidence, one of her companions was allowed to touch its spring and learn its secret. She saw written these words : " Whom having not seen I love." That was the secret of her beautiful life. She had been changed into the same image.'

Lastly, the age wanted to see *religion lived out*. They saw it in the transparent character of Henry Drummond, a radiant Christian, reflecting the sunshine of religion. Every writer says the greatest thing about the man was the man himself. Sir W. R. Nicoll says : ' When we think of the friend we have lost, and of the prodigious influence he exercised over his fellow men, it is his personality that always comes to the front.' A lady friend, one who has much in

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common with Drummond, suggested a motto for his character :

My strength is as the strength of ten:
Because my heart is pure.

One apostolic expression sums up perfectly his character, his beliefs, and his message : '*rooted and grounded in love.*' He was rooted and grounded in the love of God. This personal relation, this happy fellowship, was Drummond's root-principle. Everything in him and through him was the product of this experience. His favourite appeal to young men was to give their life to God and form a friendship with Christ. This was not part, but the whole, of his theology. Any one who wishes to feel the force of the appeal of love should read his address on 'Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden.'

Sir W. R. Nicoll says : 'Without a very strictly defined theology,

he preached Christ as a potent influence whereby we can become what we are not, through intimate communion with perfect love and perfect holiness.'

Drummond's illustration of this truth is very striking: 'Can Christ do away with sin? It is all a question of gravitation and environment. A water-bottle could be blown about like a feather in Uranus; at the Equator in Neptune a man might jump ten feet off the ground.'

This experience made him very broad and very tender. He said he could find some good in every Church except the *Hard Church*!

'Perhaps the most conspicuous service which Henry Drummond rendered to his generation was to show them a Christianity which was perfectly *natural*. You met him somewhere, a graceful, well-dressed gentleman, tall and lithe, with a swing

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in his walk and a brightness on his face, who seemed to carry no cares, and to know neither presumption nor timidity. You spoke, and found him keen for any one of a hundred interests' (Smith, p. 2).

The only missing-link in the golden chain of a perfect life was the marriage link! He was an incorrigible celibate!

He was rooted and grounded in the love of *man*—especially the genus *young man*. He was never guilty of their sins, but his sympathy and helpfulness were immense. One young man said: 'He and Robert Barbour were the only two men I ever knew who helped you to feel that you were stronger and your work better than you had dared to believe.' This love for, and intelligent interest in, the young was seen not only in his extraordinary influence over students, but also in his connexion with the Boys' Brigade movement, of which he

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gives a lucid account in *How to help Boys*.

We should do his extraordinarily versatile character injustice if we did not mention his faculty for fun and humour. These were but the expression of a sunny disposition and high spirits. Few men ever more thoroughly enjoyed living. He could do anything.¹ 'He loved the innocent glories of life and had endless sources of pleasure, but he always gave you the sense that he was disengaged from them, that he was not dependent, that all might go, and that he would remain the same' (Nichol).

And he did remain the same. He could have said, 'Oh, the luxury of living!' but he did not fear, 'the one fight more, the last, the best.'

His humour did not fail him even in his illness. In 1895 he sent a Christmas card, a photo of himself in

¹ See his specimen examination papers, *Simpson*, p. 20, *seq.*

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a bath-chair, with the legend : 'The Descent of Man.' He would say to his newly arrived friend : 'Don't touch me, please : I can't shake hands, but I've saved up a first-rate story for you.'

As one of his best friends says : 'However much we wrote, we should never be able to convey the full truth about his humour, playfulness, imperturbability, serenity, consideration for others, eagerness to be of service, capacity for taking pains : the absence of all that was sour, irritable, bitter, vindictive, malicious.' He was a religious knight—the Bayard of the nineteenth century—'Without fear, without reproach.' Few men were gifted with, or cultivated more assiduously, what Dr. Jowett has called 'the wooing note' in life and speech ; he wooed and won !

Yes ! love—love of God, love of man—*this* was the keynote of his life ; and consequently it was a life of music—

bright, sweet, winning! 'And now abideth faith, hope, *love*; but the greatest of these—"The Greatest Thing in the World"—is LOVE.'

Drummond once said that what the Church and the world need is 'not more Christians, but a better brand of them.' He himself was undoubtedly one of the best brand. His art of infecting others with a glad, radiant Christianity is the great desideratum in religious worship and work. Imagine in every Church a revival of this spirit among young men and women; what transfigured Churches we should have! 'A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.' The critical spirit and the *nil admirari* attitude towards religion have been unduly cultivated with disastrous results in home, society, and the Church. If we could see in the present day a reversion to Drummond's type of religion, a return to his cheerful

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optimism ; if the young could look with his eyes upon everything which belongs to the sphere of religion, its history, experiences, worship, ordinances, and institutions, we should behold a new heaven and a new earth.

The vision of Zechariah which has been waiting its fulfilment throughout the centuries would become actual : ' It shall come to pass that ten men shall take hold out of all languages of the nations, even shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, *We will go with you ; for we have heard that God is with you.*'

We should have a future generation of happy and rejoicing Christians, proud of their association with the Church of Christ, and co-operating to work out ' The Programme of Christianity.' The call of the hour is to transform the Real into the Ideal Church, to make the Ideal Church

a great reality, to 'ring in the Christ that is to be.' Who will engage his mind, heart, and hand in this great enterprise?



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